



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

THE IRISH MUSE.—II.

BY FIONA MACLEOD.

“Poor people, they have nothing to think about,” said a Highland fisherman to me once, after his return from a visit to London at the laird’s expense, at the time of the Fisheries Exhibition. That was the final impression of the Londoners that this island Gael brought away with him: a people far more distraction-seeking and distracted than any he had known or indeed imagined, but so preoccupied with idle and momentary things that, as he said with kindly commiseration, “poor people, they have nothing to think about.” The wind, the sea, the sky, the travelling cloud and the untravelling hill, these ministers of thought, so familiar, so inseparable from his whole inward life, were nothing to this people who instead had newspapers, and too many books, and continual rumor. And for the Anglo-Celtic writer it is surely evident that for him the habit of mind of the “ignorant” islander is an immeasurably better habit of the mind than the hurried and fragmentary habit of mind of the Londoner and his kind.

On the all-important subject of nationality I am glad to find so admired and influential a critic as Mr. Stopford Brooke explicit. “Right or wrong,” he says, “nationality is the deepest thing in Ireland, and it is a multitudinous absurdity for England to try to ignore it. Even if it were wrong, as it is not, all laws or any government which do not take it into the highest consideration are bound to fail dismally in Ireland. It stands also to reason that, if Irish nationality be so deep a thing, the Irish nature which ignores it is bound to be inferior, in life and originality, to that which is inspired by it. And such is the case. The Irish poetry which follows the English tradition too often wears an imitative look, languishes into subtleties, or dreams into commonplace. Were it possible that Irish literature should be

Anglicized, there would soon be no literature worth the name in Ireland."

Mr. Brooke rightly puts it again when he says: "The only questions Art asks are: 'Is it well done? Was it worth the doing?'" It depends on how we come to the Irish Muse, as revealed to us in this "Treasury," whether we can say of modern Irish poetry as a whole that it appears worth the doing and to be well done, in the high sense where worth in effort and achievement is definitely in the sphere of art. With any other worth of effort and achievement we have nothing to do at present, for we are not considering the spontaneous songs and rude threnodies of a people, but the shaped and colored beauty in verse of the conscious servants of the Irish Muse.

The editors of this anthology admit at once that they found they could not compile a book of a relatively high standard of excellence that would also be adequately representative. They have separated their collection into six books, which, though they unavoidably overlap, are genuine and not arbitrary sections. But a more definite division suggests itself: Irish poetry (that is, Irish poetry in English) before Mangan and Ferguson, and Irish poetry after Mangan and Ferguson.

True, there were real and fine poets before Ferguson touched the epic note or Mangan gave to the too facile Irish lyric a steadfast pulse of flame. The familiar name of Thomas Moore will occur at once. So admirable in its combined insight and justice is the criticism of Mr. Brooke that I do not scruple to excerpt its essential part from the context, and the more readily as English critics habitually misplace Moore, ranking him either too high or too low, and either as an English poet with Byron and Scott or as a typical Irish poet, whereas he is neither to be ranked with Byron and Scott (as for the claim that he is the Burns of Ireland, it is not worth discussion) as a writer of English verse, nor as an Irish poet in the sense in which Mangan, Samuel Ferguson and their successors are Irish poets. "Moore," writes Mr. Brooke, "is neither a truly Celtic nor a truly English poet. The deep things in the Irish nature were not in him. No mysticism made him dream; no hunger for the spiritual world beset him; no fairyland, sometimes gracious, but chiefly terrible, was more real to him than the breathing world. No sadness without a known cause, no joy whose source was uncomprehended, influenced him. Nature did

not speak to him of dreadful and obscure powers, or of beauty and love and eternal youth beyond mortal reach, but not beyond immortal desire. The love of his country was no passion. None of these Celtic elements belonged to him, and they and others are at the roots of Celtic imagination. Nor did he replace them by the elements of English imagination. His poetry is no more English than Irish in character. It does not grow naturally out of the tree of English poetry; it is a graft upon it. He does not descend from any poetical ancestors in England, and he has had no influence on any of the English poets that followed him. He stands, as I have said, curiously alone. Had he had imagination, he would have been in brotherhood with either English, Scottish, or Irish poets. But he is a curious instance of a poet who never, save perhaps in one or two songs, deviates into imaginative work. On the other hand, he is a master in fancy, a poet so full of that power which plays with grace and brightness on the surface of Nature and man, but which never penetrates, that few if any have ever showed so well what fancy could do, when quite alone, and enjoying herself, apart from her nobler sister, imagination."

Moore had two contemporaries, an obscure Irish clergyman and a misanthropic Ulsterman who drifted to an unregarded life in London, who touched a higher note both in "occasional" and, even, in fanciful poetry than we ever achieved or even approached. Charles Wolfe may be but a name to thousands, but the whole Anglo-Celtic world in both hemispheres is familiar with that solemn, simple, and moving dirge, "The Burial of Sir John Moore." After reading, wholly unaffected by even a dim poetic echo, each of Mr. Brooke's selections from Thomas Moore, I turned to Wolfe's "Lines Written to Music," and found there, though they are not of the rarer kinds of lyric verse, a charm and air of beauty foreign to the facile muse of the more celebrated poet:

"If I had thought thou couldst have died
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be."

How different the note of simplicity and sincerity here to those other lines, "On Music," with their tawdry ornamentation:

"Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers

Is the grateful breath of song
That once was heard in happier hours."

Still more remote from Moore is George Darley, a poet of genius, of a powerful and extraordinary imagination, but of an imagination so uncontrolled in its highest service and so disordered in its worst tyranny that Darley must of necessity remain a name for the few only, and these even must look into the wilderness of his strange verse as travellers upon a spellbound and perilous waste which, through distorted cactus and agave, reveals scattered oases of a ravishing beauty or sombre flame-like splendor. We cannot even imagine Moore writing verse (to leave aside the obscurities of "Nepenthe" or the too involved fairy-world delicacies of "Sylvia") such as "The Hymn to the Sun," with its titanic imagery; or the sounding quatrains of "The Fallen Star"—the star that had sat upon his orb of fire for flaming ages; or that most unconventional love-poem on womanly beauty, called "True Loveliness," with its bitter note:

"He who the Siren's hair would win
Is mostly strangled in the tide."

But before Moore, or standing far apart and on the higher if rugged slopes—and apart also from that blithe and delightful band of light-hearted singers of the humorous, so sane and sweet and justly loved, from Samuel Lover and Charles Lever and Francis Mahony to Alfred Perceval Graves, who, it may be added, has written the finest modern lullaby—are others better deserving our memory, though without a fraction of Moore's foreign renown. The anonymous balladists, too, have given Ireland many compositions which are, perhaps, the more treasured as they are rather the rude voice of the national life than the woven verse of any single poet. To these, perhaps, adequate justice has not been done. Again, there has been undue deprecation and ignoring, on one side of the Irish Sea at least, of the poets who chanted under the banner of Thomas Davis.

For myself, I find an abiding and strong emotion in the upwelling songs and ballads of the poets of "The Nation." These may not have the beauty of art become conscious and masterly, but they have the beauty of emotional life become rhythmic and persuasive. Poland and Ireland have given to the world the most passionately ardent hymns, as well as the saddest dirges of modern

times. Every time I reread these poems of the group known as "The poets of 'The Nation'" I am deeply moved, not only by their burning patriotism and their high and pure spiritual emotion, but by the genuine poetic flame which burns behind their generally somewhat crude and conventional art. Carleton, Gerald Griffin, Callanan, Edward Walsh, who come a little earlier, are poets who, to-day, with the wild turbulence of their period grown quiet (though through depth not waste of national resolve, it may be), and with a careful art such as is now more possible for the Irish poet, might stand in the front rank of Celtic singers. Among all the men and women who formed the group of "The Nation," under the beloved leadership of Thomas Davis, himself truly a remarkable poet, there is none who had not a real faculty. Munster will not forget the boy-poet who wrote "The Munster War-Song," nor Tipperary the exiled Mary Kelly who made the name of "the honey-sweet land" fragrant for all its sons and daughters: the "rebels of Cork" will remember Michael Barry's chant of "The Sword" as long as there is a "rebel" left, burning to redress the wrong. For generations, Geoghegan's "After Aghrim" will be sung or recited by the Irish Jacobites—for the "Jacobitism" which is but another name for the beauty of a great idea lives yet, and deeply, in the Irish as in the Scottish Gael. As for Gavan Duffy and Thomas Davis, when their names are forgotten, "the green" will be seen no more from Rathlin to Kinsale. It is a great thing to write a poem of flawless beauty; but, were I Irish, I would rather have written Davis's noble "Stanzas on Nationality"—the noblest "Flag of Freedom" hymn in any language—than the most flawless music of later song. No patriot, Irish or English or of any land, could wish a better thing than that these noble, lofty, and grandly temperate lines should become the heart-song and inspiration of the younger generations. The poem has the anthem-music of moral greatness. Its opening lines may one day be the tocsin of freedom, heard from the wastes of Siberia to the cliffs of Moher:

"A nation's voice, a nation's voice—
It is a solemn thing!"

In other circumstances, Thomas Davis might have become Ireland's greatest poet. Facile, conventional and hurried, as much of his verse is, it is seldom that the poet does not stand visible

behind the fine and worthy versifier. None but a poet could have created that image in the verses on a peasant girl of Bantry, where her brow gleamed beneath her raven hair like

“A breaker spread white 'neath a shadowy cliff.”

One of the few survivors of “The Nation” group, Mr. Martin MacDermot, has written a lyric that may live in future anthologies and in the memories of all who love the lyric muse, his all but perfect “Girl of the Red Mouth,” from which I must afford myself the pleasure of quoting two stanzas, the first and last:

“Girl of the red mouth,
 Love me! Love me!
 Girl of the red mouth
 Love me!
 'Tis by its curve, I know,
 Love fashioneth his bow,
 And bends it—ah, even so!
 Oh, girl of the red mouth, love me!

“Girl of the low voice,
 Love me! Love me!
 Girl of the sweet voice
 Love me!
 Like the echo of a bell,—
 Like the bubbling of a well—
 Sweeter! Love within doth dwell,—
 Oh, girl of the low voice, love me!”

Poets whose strains may still catch, if they do not charm, the listener are also to be found among the group who come immediately after that of “The Nation,” from Lady Wilde to Fanny Parnell. There is extant a wonderful little cavalier song by Sheridan Le Fanu, by which the admirers of that remarkable romancist will be sorry not to see him represented. Ireland will long remember John Walsh, who wrote “Drimin Donn Dilis,” one of the sad strains of eviction-literature; and the young patriot, John Keegan Casey (whose touch of genius and tragic end in gaol, while still a youth, have given him the glory of a fixed star in the firmament of Irish memories and ideals) will always be associated with the thrilling Fenian lyric “The Rising of the Moon,” and with the Burns-like love-song to “Maire my girl.” Francis O'Donnell's “Spinning Song” is deservedly popular, and

in America is ranked with the most loved home-poems of Longfellow and Whittier. There is, however, one poet whose work is truly remarkable, and might with controlled power and that faculty of economy in word and phrase, that nurture of the form, which is the technique of verbal art, have become a high possession. But, like George Darley, Thomas Irwin must, as his editor observes, be ranked only as a great but unrealized possibility in modern Irish literature. In his powerful "Stanzas on Cæsar" (from which I excerpt four) there is a note of tragic solemnity which in manner also recalls the "Nineveh" of Rossetti:

"Within the dim museum room,
 'Mid dusty marbles, drowned in light,
 Black Indian idols, deep-sea bones,
 Gods, nymphs, and uncouth skeletons,
 One statua of stately height
 Shines from an old nook's shifting gloom.

"'Tis he whose name around the earth
 Has rolled in History's echoing dreams;
 An antique shape of Destiny,
 A soul dæmonic, born to be
 A king or nothing—moulded forth
 From giant Nature's fierce extremes.

"His was a policy like fate
 That shapes to-day for future hours;
 The sovran foresight his to draw
 From crude events their settled law,
 To learn the soul, and turn the weight
 Of human passions into powers.

"His was the mathematic might
 That moulds results from men and things—
 The eye that pierces at a glance,
 The will that wields all circumstance,
 The starlike soul of force and light
 That moves etern on tireless wings;"

or his powerful quatrains on Fate, that

"Clothed in equanimity, beholds
 A blossom wither or a world decay;"

or those on the old theme of "The Skull," but with an individuality of emotion and expression which forbid the familiar comparison:

"Strange shape! the earth has ruins manifold,
But none with meaning terrible as thine.

"For here beneath this bleak and sterile dome
Did hatred rage, and silent sorrow mourn—
A little world, an infinite spirit's home,
A heaven or hell abandoned and forlorn.

"Here thought on thought arose, like star on star,
And love, deemed deathless, habited; and now
An empty mausoleum, vainer far
Than Cheops' mountain pyramid, art thou."

It is something of the same deep note, wrought in a more intense emotion become tragic, that we find in the closing poem of the first half of this "Treasury of Irish Poetry": the celebrated address to the dreamed-of Ireland that is yet to be, by Fanny Parnell. Through its vibrating passion it has a music and a significance for the Irish people which will never be forgotten.

"Art," says Mr. Stopford Brooke in his admirable Introduction to this Irish Treasury, "Art is pleased with the ballads, war songs, political and humorous poetry, and with the songs of love and of peasant life, but she does not admit them into her inner shrine. It is only quite lately that modern Irish poetry can claim to be fine art. But it has now, in what is called the Celtic Revival, reached that point."

This recent Irish poetry is headed by Mangan and Samuel Ferguson, but it follows more the lead of the latter, for one of its more obvious traits is a return to ancient Gaelic legend, to the well-springs of Gaelic symbolism, beauty, and inspiration. Moreover, not only is the sentiment for Ireland of the Irish poets of to-day attuned to a less passionate note than that which we find in Mangan and Fanny Parnell and Thomas Davis, but all have the consciousness that, in lyric intensity, at least, none can dream to equal or even to approach the "Dark Rosaleen" of Clarence Mangan, in which the flame of the national life, the sob of the national heart-break, the faith of the national soul, culminated in one supreme lyrical outcry.

Mangan's poetry, at its highest, has an intensity that no Irish poet has equalled. But he is never the supreme artist. He had little care for finality in the face and form of his verse: or, perhaps, the "care" was too exacting a strain for one upon whose

frail strength and shattered nerves the burthen of life and the sense of an evil destiny too heavily pressed. As Mr. Lionel Johnson says in his finely sympathetic and interpretative essay—the most admirable piece of prose in this anthology—"dreaming his unattainable and inexpressible dreams, he resigned into the hands of Fate and Chance both his self-control and the control of his art." The whole pathetic story of Clarence Mangan is told in these words. Even in "Dark Rosaleen"—which Mr. Johnson justly calls foremost among the world's poems of inspired patriotism—one encounters an instance of extraordinary blindness to anticlimax: where, after wild but beautiful and apt hyperboles as to what in his impassioned love for "Dark Rosaleen," the Ireland of Heart's Desire, he would do, he adds the almost grotesquely lame climax, "Oh! I could kneel all night in prayer, to heal your many ills." "Gone in the Wind" is truly "a magnificent threnody," but that is not a perfected lyrical poem that can wear so tawdry a line as "Raving of knowledge—and Satan so busy to blind." Mangan is finest when most Irish, and no Gael at least could read unthrilled "O'Hussey's Ode to The Maguire" or the "Lament for the Princes of Tir-Owen and Tir-Connell." The contrast between detailed description and that synthesis in music and nomenclature, which only the masters have, may be instanced by a few lines from the last-named poem. Read, first, for example, the often quoted and much admired "Wicklow Scene from the Summit of Lugnaquilla" by Mr. Savage Armstrong—so excellent in its kind—and then these few lines:

"Beside the wave, in Donegal,
In Antrim's glen or fair Dromore,
Or Killillee,
Or where the sunny waters fall
At Assaroe, near Erna's shore,
This could not be."

One could not recall a line of the former after the book was laid aside, but one does not, cannot, forget "Beside the wave, in Donegal" or "Where the sunny waters fall at Assaroe."

If there is little lyric magic of this kind in the poetry of Samuel Ferguson, there is the magic of a splendid and epical Celtic imagination. But he, too, could paint with magic brush, or recreate the visible world through magic sound, as in that marvel-

lous vision of the sea and the coasts from a great headland in "Congal," "the wide pale-heaving floor crisped by a curling wind," with its "slant cerulean-skirted showers," with "a drowsy sound heard inward," among the high grassy solitudes "thronged by the mountain-mottling sheep." "Congal," "Deirdrê," "The Naming of Cuchullin" and "The Lays of the Red Branch" have redirected the stream of contemporary Irish genius. At base, that genius has more in common with the titanic and shadowy and terrible imagery of "Congal" than with the blithe and rollicking strains which are commonly supposed to be almost exclusively characteristic of the Irish Gael. It is no exaggeration to say that the so-called Celtic Revival owes its impetus and early nurture to Samuel Ferguson, and in a secondary but very real degree to the eloquent pen of Standish O'Grady. These pioneers, with Eugene O'Curry, S. Hayes O'Grady and others, including Whitley Stokes, Kuno Meyer, Dr. George Henderson, have prepared a soil whence has already arisen some of the fairest, and whence will yet arise the loveliest and finest, flowering of the Irish genius. To Ferguson, indeed, even the foremost Irish metricist of to-day owes much in his own technique. The magic cadence of "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" is clearly a conscious or unconscious reminiscence of the delicate music of Ferguson's "Fairy Thorn":

"They're glancing through the glimmer of the quiet eve,
 Away in milky wavings of neck and ankle bare;
 The heavy-sliding stream in its sleepy song they leave,
 And the crags in the ghostly air."

After Ferguson, Irish poetry divides into the verse which follows the English tradition in manner, but is still inspired by Celtic themes, and that which is too strongly animated by an emotion not English either in itself or its source to be called other than the admittedly vague "Celtic," or the awkward Anglo-Gaelic—the poetry of the Celtic Revival. In other words, the effort of the Gaelic Muse to remember, to feel, to sing as the Gaelic Muse and not as the English Muse; but, in this effort, to seek a rare, and if possible perfected, art, in the noblest of modern languages, a supreme tongue now, and, for all of us of the homelands a common and equal right, so that Kent can no more claim it than Cantyre, or Devon than Donegal.

There is another group, but hardly worthy of much attention:

the group of those who belong to the first main section, but are as English in sentiment and interests as in the literary conventions they follow but do not illuminate. These are simply camp-followers, who happen to have been born in "West Britain."

In the first group the most eminent name is that of Aubrey De Vere. Mr. De Vere's poetry has not the epical strength of Ferguson's nor the metrical variety and beauty of that of Mr. Yeats—and modern Irish poetry lies between the "Congal" of Sir Samuel Ferguson and "The Shadowy Waters" of Mr. Yeats—but it is always fine, always the utterance of a poet, and has often a singular beauty and nobility.

I will not, however, add now more than mere mention of living Irish poets. Those who love the Irish Muse know, or will soon or late discover, the verve of those masters of "retelling," Dr. Douglas Hyde and Dr. George Sigerson and Dr. John Todhunter, with whom should be mentioned the younger of the two editors of the "Treasury" himself: or, again, of the delicate, beautiful, and often powerful poetry of the Irishwomen who have added so much fragrance and music to that "dear Eden of our dreams, our Eiré"—Nora Hopper, Katharine Tynan, Dora Sigerson, Moira O'Neill, to mention only the four foremost, and these by the names by which they first became known. If we may judge by her "Songs of the Glens of Antrim," the latest comer, Moira O'Neill, should become one of the most noted of the Celtic group. Her verse is not so strong as Miss Sigerson's (Mrs. Clement Shorter's) at its strongest; nor as exquisitely deft and sunlit and tremulous as that of Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson) when best inspired, as always, by things pure, tender and by all young life; nor comparable with the penetrating and convincing art of Miss Nora Hopper when that fine poet trusts to her truest inspiration, and controls to a finer service a too facile spontaneity: but there is a quality in these "Songs of the Glens" which is all their own, a quality full of charm, and, what is more rare, distinction. The themes are always homely: the impression conveyed is invariably serene, because satisfying. I consider her "Corrymeela" the finest type of the modern Irish lyric, at once national, local and of a finished art. Moira O'Neill's "Corrymeela," Miss Nora Hopper's "King of Ireland's Son," and Mr. W. B. Yeats's "Isle of Innisfree" might well be advanced as three of the loveliest, as well as the most typical, lyrics of the Irish Muse in our present

day. Among the small group of Catholic poets, there is none who has a higher place than Mr. Lionel Johnson, whose "dæmon" is surely allied to that "Dark Angel" of whom he writes in memorable quatrains, in the sense at least of a controlling genius, sombre and austere. It is a pity that so remarkable a poet should be so inadequately represented as he is in this "Treasury." A kindred though distinct spirit is manifest in the poetry of Mr. Thomas Boyd, whose "*Leanán Sidhe*" I never read without a quickening pleasure, or without wonder that we have not more from his dreaming and potent imagination.

Of two other of the later poets it is almost needless to write. Mr. George Russell (better known as "A. E.") has published two little books of verse of a beauty so spiritual and poignant that they are, perhaps, even better known and loved now in the England for which he cares so little than in the Ireland to which he has given all the overflow of love and worship from that spiritual Ireland, "*The Rose of the World*." Of Mr. Yeats there is not as yet anything new to be said. He may not be, though I think he is, the finest artist now using verse as his means of beautiful revelation: there can be little question that his verse, at its best, is on a higher level of beauty than is that of any contemporary. Nevertheless, those of us who thus greatly value his work look beyond anything he has done. His two recent volumes, "*The Wind in the Reeds*" and "*The Shadowy Waters*," are intervals: the one where the poet has stopped to listen to an overcoming, fragmentary, aërial music, impossible wholly to capture, impossible for him, for a time, to ignore; the other where he has caught the echo of trampling feet and confused voices, the echo of the drama of life, whether that be the drama of mortal things and material life, or of spiritual things and immortal life. "*The Wanderings of Oisín*" should be the prelude to a Celtic epic to surpass "*Congal*" and all else that lies between us and the ancient Gaelic sagas, as "*Countess Cathleen*" should be a drama leading the way to drama that shall have all the beauty of "*The Shadowy Waters*," but a humanity as rich and deep and varied as characterizes that Gaelic world of Irish life which Mr. Yeats knows so well and can so well interpret.

There are omissions even in this conscientiously compiled anthology. Perhaps the most regrettable is that of Mr. Herbert Trench, a young Irish poet of exceptional promise.

Lyrics such as "She comes not when Noon is on the Roses," and "Come, Let us make Love Deathless," with its note of tragic beauty, and "Maurya's Song," show that the Irish Muse has a new follower whose name she may yet hold high. In the poem called "The Night," I find a stanza of that magic quality which alone suffices to prove the writer a poet, who has only to perfect his craft to become the rare artist also.

"But she, like sighing forests,
Stole on me—full of rest,
Her hair was like the sea's wave,
Whiteness was in her breast—"

(So does one come at night upon a wall of roses).

If it is from poets such as Mr. Yeats and Mr. George Russell, Miss Nora Hopper and Moira O'Neill, that we look for that which shall most reveal to us the beautiful Gaelic imagination, it will be well for both those who seek and those who sing to bear in mind the wise words of one of the greatest of Irishmen, Thomas Davis:

"Irish nationality must contain and represent all the races of Ireland. It must not be Celtic; it must not be Saxon; it must be Irish. The Brehon law, and the maxims of Westminster—the cloudy and the lightning genius of the Gael, the placid strength of the Sassenach, the marshalling insight of the Norman—a literature which shall exhibit in combination the passions and idioms of all, and which shall equally express our mind in its romantic, its religious, its forensic, and its practical tendencies; finally, a native government, which shall know and rule by the might and right of all, yet yield to the arrogance of none—these are the components of such a nationality."

There are many fine passages on nationality in the writings of Thomas Davis, but none so weighty with truth for those who would serve nobly the Irish Muse as these.

FIONA MACLEOD.